

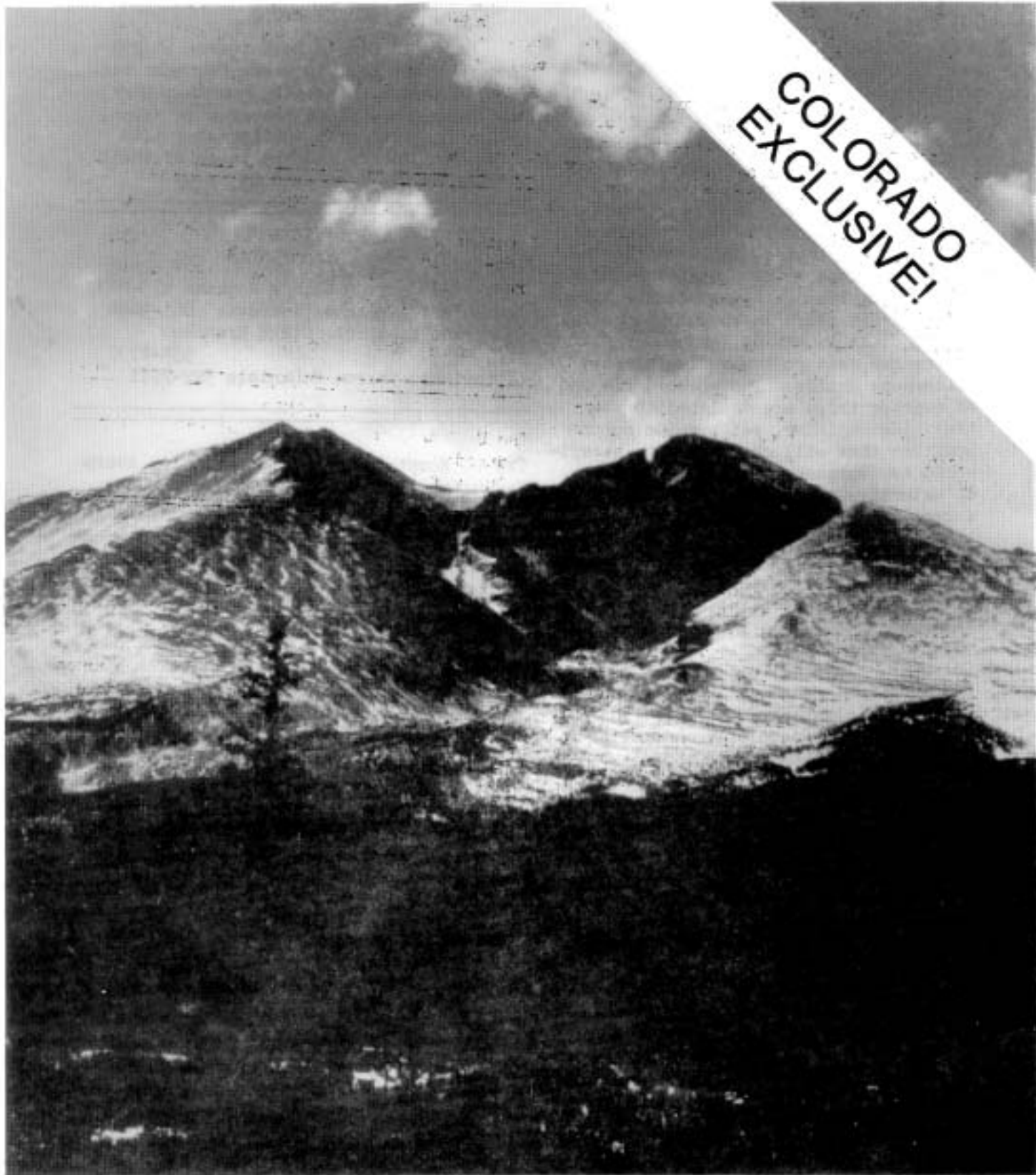
# THE GOOSE DOWN GAZETTE

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Volume 4, Number 1

14 October 1981

**COLORADO  
EXCLUSIVE!**



## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Hello and welcome! to new and old members. The club endeavors to provide a wide range of wilderness activities through an assortment of pre-planned and impromptu trips near and far. For those of you who are new to our group, we are actively involved in climbing, backpacking, caving, canoeing, whitewater rafting, occasionally skiing, and, of

course, mountaineering. We provide equipment and classes in which you can develop the skills and self-confidence to enjoy the outdoors safely in ways you may never imagined. Each quarter we offer a class in one of the outdoor skills. The classes enable the beginner to develop skills, confidence and an appreciation of the outdoors.. The Fall Quarter class is rockclimbing, the winter class is caving, and the spring offers our most comprehensive class: Wilderness Skills. The weekend and end of quarter trips are designed to attract the beginner, yet provide opportunities that will challenge the experienced outdoorsman. The club maintains an extensive equipment inventory and has a growing outdoors library of resource books and topographic maps..

At the end of each quarter is a group trip with a gasoline subsidy provided by the club. Nineteen members returned just before the first day of classes from a 3900 mile trip thru Colorado, climbing, backpacking and enjoying good company. Through participation in classes and trips, leadership skills are developed and polished. We are always looking for those who are willing to lead trips and outings, or just supply ideas. If you haven't led a trip before but have a place you would like to go to, let us know. There are many people here to help make an idea reality. The critical point is your ideas and participation count. This is your club. Your involvement will repay benefits which go beyond a few good times or an occasional party. Those who become involved soon realize there is a bond of trust which develops between members and a true interdependence for each others safety and -- occasionally--survival. I look forward

to a full year ahead and I am sure that I will have the support of all of you as we seek to achieve our goals for the club and personal growth through club involvement.

---Dan Lynch

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## COVER PHOTO

Majestic Long's Peak towers 14,255 feet, highest peak in Rocky Mountain Nat. Park, Colorado. Photo is courtesy Mark Hartinger who visited the area in March, 1981. The Club trip in September also stopped at Long's and the tales of their adventures start on page 3.

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## CLUB OFFICERS

President: Dan Lynch 681-2962  
Vice-President: Suzanne Workman 475-6632  
Treasurer: Fletcher Andrews: 861-3404  
Equipment Manager: Steve Krasrech  
559-1737  
Librarian: Sharon McDaniels 522-7911

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## MEETINGS

The UC Mountaineering Club meets on every Wednesday in room 607 Swift at 7 PM. Bring a friend! Open to everyone.

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## EQUIPMENT POLICIES

So that there will be the minimum of confusion I'd like to give a brief explanation of our policies concerning equipment usage. First, I will stay with any policies started by my predecessor, however I may have to change them in the future. I will announce changes at Club meetings and in the Goose Down Gazette. Second, all equipment can be used by all members, except climbing equipment. Climbers should contact me personally about use of climbing equipment. Third, bring back equipment clean and on time, otherwise I will impose fines. Last, if you lose or break equipment it must be replaced by equivalent quality equipment, or you may give me it's cash value. If you have any problems or questions please talk to me about it, I will try to at least meet you half way. The problems associated with this job can be monumental at times so any help, advice, or criticism is welcome, Have a good one!

Stephen M. Krasrech  
Equipment Manager

# ROCKY MTS. HIGHS

"ADVENTURES IN MARMOT COUNTRY"  
The UCMC Enters a Rocky Mountain Zone  
by Cindy Schmid

"THE BLACK ASPEN"  
by K.V. Crocket

It's late at night. Somewhere in the hilly, rugged terrain of a boulder field in the Colorado Rockies climbs the solitary figure of a man, dressed in black cape and hikers. He is silhouetted against a burnt orange sky, several feet from the Keyhole at Longs Peak. His voice begins, a slow rumble. A distant coyote howls. He speaks in short, Joe Friday spurts.

"It's nighttime in the Colorado Rockies. John Denver has just put his guitar to bed. Four young people ascend a well beaten trail. They traipse over Sound of Music paths. They view the Hallmark greeting card aspens. They laugh. They talk. Suddenly they enter a foreboding forest. They huddle together in the Wizard of Oz fashion, taking small, thought-provoking steps, crunching small twigs in their path. Quiet is the night, aside from their now soft, rhythmic chant. 'Marmots and pikas and ptarmigans, oh my!! Marmots and pikas and ptarmigans, oh my!!!' The chant and steps become faster, more contrived, the voices more frightened until at last.."

Little did we know what actually became of these four adventurous UCMC'ers who dared to tread in dangerous marmot country without discretion. But what we do know for those of us who stuck it out, the UCMC trip to Colorado turned out to be one of the most challenging, fun, and adventurous trips in the zone personally I have ever encountered. And believe me, that's accounting for a lot of zones.

Leaving on the trip to Colorado, I must admit I had mixed feelings about the West. You must remember the circumstances as I had barely escaped the Tapawingo zone and hung up my topsiders for the season. I was fresh with images of giant lobsters, horny sea captains, Mr. Rogers skipping through the camp picking flowers and making sure all the campers got their LaCoste shirts back in the laundry. (More Tapawingo adventures later) Not to mention

(Continued on page 16)

Introduction: In the late summer of '74, two backpackers, hurrying down a steep mountain trail in the San Juan Mts., chanced upon a black aspen leaf. Due to the lateness of the hour and an impending storm, they were unable to fix the location with much accuracy. Since that day, the possibility of a black aspen, a rare freak of nature, has excited much curiosity, leading, in the late summer of '81, to the formation of a strong team of dedicated arborists. This exploratory team, twelve-strong, was culled from the leading intellectual lights of the University of Cincinnati -- and this is their story.

The Team: In no particular order, it may interest the reader if some short biographical details of individual team members are given. However, it should always be remembered that behind every individual stretched a long line of support personnel -- more in some cases than in others. Here then are the team members of the 1981 Black Aspen Research Expedition (BARE). (Those closer to the team members have always referred to them, somewhat odouriferously, as the 'Dirty Dozen').

Smarty: Supremely at ease in a television interview, Smarty was equally well adapted to the rough-and-tumble of a difficult expedition. There was nothing more she liked to do than throw the larger members over her shoulders, cut down whole trees, and build bridges with her red Swiss Army knife, all the while tossing her golden mane out of her eyes. A beautiful panorama would dilate her nostrils in a trice. She was a born leader, made to run free over the plains (though not a little susceptible to nightmares).

Raver: The team spirit was embodied in Raver. His laughter often challenged the raging mountain torrents and usually won. Apparently capable of picking up a 160 lb pack and walking away with it, his gargoyle-like features were often seen projecting from an all-enveloping poncho, daring the wind and rain alike. No bears

(Continued on next page...)

"BLACK ASPEN" (Continued)

ever threatened the peace of the camp when Raver was afoot.

Queenie: Born to be a leader, Queenie nonetheless put this simple ambition aside and humbly served others. Her helpful suggestions could often be heard ringing out clearly alongside Raven's laughter. At her best in a bedside crisis, her soothing words had brought relief to many a fevered brow.

The Inscrutables: Of distant origins and strange, ancient tongues, the Inscrutables formed an eternally happy binary system. Though opaque and even hostile to their enemies, friends always found a welcome refuge in the Inscrutables' strangely formed tent. Despite being handicapped by peculiar and antiquated equipment, the Inscrutables always made it to camp.

Sam the Van: A textbook case. His vast knowledge on every subject helped make up many a boring mile on the road. A born leader, he modestly led from the rear. Responsibilities and heavy cameras had wrinkled his brow long ago, but he bore the load well, and never showed any emotion. His main passions in life were drains and manhole covers.

B & D: A living confirmation of the law that opposite poles attract, B & D were usually inseparable, unless B was looking for D. B was the proud owner of the first pair of hiking boots to be coated with the new and very effective anti-skunk preparation, while D had the art of carrying very little in her pack to a fine art. B had the heaviest pack, but this was a coincidence.

Dusty: So-named for his redilection for remaining motionless for hours on end, slumped in a deep meditative trance, and collecting a thick coating of dust in the process. His finest hour was following the eruption of Mt. St. Helens, when he saved three stray marmot cubs by using his large frame as a human dust cover. The expedition's culinary expert, Dusty could transform any routine recipe or dish into something completely different.

Quadriceps Joe: The perfect specimen for a tough expedition, Quadriceps Joe could overcome any

physical obstical on the trail. Using only his long ice axe in one hand and dented Kokomo camera in the other, he had blazed many an arduous mile. Employing only muscle expansion and a unique series of grunts, he usually succeeded in communicating with the other members. He was a good man to have behind you in a fast food joint.

Kool-Aid: The epitome of human kindness, Kool-Aid's tread was as soft as her voice. She was a slow starter, but once on the trail in top gear, nothing could pass her. Set two new altitude records during the 1981 BARE, one for popping corn, the other for boozing.

Delicious: Also known as 'Southern Comfort,' Delicious was always a pleasure in camp. Addicted to Hash Browns for breakfast, her ready smile could charm the most hardened of Park Rangers, while her remarkable ability to sleep in any form of transport probably owed a lot to her unique possession of a genuine pillow - the only one on the expedition.

THE EXPEDITION BEGINS:

This then was the team -- a unique collection of erratically brilliant academics with but one common aim -- to find the Black Aspen. Months of hectic preparations were spent before some sense of order could begin to emerge. Experts were called in to advise on various topics relevant to the expedition -- such as Meteorology, Archaeology, Assyrian Cuneiforms, Acute Indigestion, Narcolepsy, Moose-Calling etc, while many long hours were spent in the dark, practising map orientation. Finally, all maps were marked with a nick in the top right corner.

At last the transport was ready, and the 1981 BARE was on its way to the San Juan Mountains. Inexplicably, a difficult and time consuming diversion was forced over and around Long Johns Peak, but this turned out to be a fortunate accident, as it permitted team members to hone their fitness to a razor-sharp edge, stretch the only climbing rope in a series of exciting abseils, and practice pika calls.

Finally, after a journey too harrowing to describe here, the San Juan Mts. were sighted, crowning the head of a long valley, lined with many boring trees. Being the possessors of low technology,  
(Continued on page<sup>13</sup> ...)

# L A I D      B A C K

"ON FALLS, BALLS, AND NUTS"

A year of epic circumstances has brought us falls, balls, and nuts.

HEADLINES:

- (1) Red River Gorge's "Africa" Vic-timizes Two.
- (2) Seneca's Legendary "Duffy's Popoff Becomes A Diving Board? ("Oh, Sh\*\* I'm, I'm--comin'--off...weeee...!")
- (3) Twaingin', Clankin'--bangin' fun! Let's all do it!

All facetiousness aside now, let me say that the life of an up and down creature is not one of all fun and games. I mean you could break your ass out there. Some of us, to our amazement and non-amusement have found this out -- the hard way. Unfortunately, most events of mishap, insanity and courage have gone un-reported; but for your entertainment I now present to you Chapter One of "On Falls, Balls and Nuts."

Easter weekend, evading Christian evangelists turned religiously to rock

worship and that is where it happened. If it had been any other weekend, resurrection and salvation would not have occurred for either Tom Souders or me. Here we were, the four of us out to challenge our minds and bodies. Out to challenge a Law of Nature--the mere fact that vertical brings with it the connotations of gravity and downward force causing a phenomena known as a "fall."

Intermittent spurts of craziness and/or ballsiness sometimes cause one to forget about such threatening phenomena. In my case, I realized the possibility but eventually disregarded it.

(First Attempt) Africa's easy section was nothing, but when I reached the vertical crack in the slightly overhanging 5.9 face, I developed quite a fright for sandstone. I just couldn't seem to get a piece in that satisfied me. I backed down and turned the lead over to Tom. Tom happily accepted, began climbing, and soon reached the place that had turned me away. Soon he had a teton and a number 7 hex in the crack, and to my disbelief made several unhesitated, committing moves. "What balls," I thought. Suddenly, without warning, Tom dropped, falling and penduluming about 10 to 12 feet, maybe more. It was the first lead fall I had ever witnessed or caught. The scrapping sounds of flesh and clothing combined with the clanking of gear which I had so often read about was now engraved into my memory.

Tom hung for a moment, a little spaced out, and then proceeded to climb again. The #7 hex had saved him from ground impact. As he examined it, he decided it was a bomb-proof piece. So, uninjured from one fall and confident of the protection, he tried the crux moves again. He moved quickly past the point of his first departure, getting up higher only to come off again, falling much more violently and stopping upside down. Everyone present shuddered at the eerie sight and sound of a climber's falling body. Relief and laughter came only after we knew he was o.k.

I should have been content having had one party (Jeff Koeing and Craig Shell) of (Continued on page 7)....

## Wilderness Trace



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WILDFLOWERING IN THE FALL

Allright, so fall isn't the greatest time of the year to tramp through the woods looking for wildflowers. Don't think, though, that there aren't any flowers around. Since fall flowers have to compete with trees for light, they're usually sturdier than the spring flowers and usually found outside the woods' in fields and meadows. They are what most people call 'weeds' but if you ignore your hay fever and look at them closely, they really are pretty! Here's a list of a few of fall's best:

A. Composite family-This is the largest family of flowering plants and it includes about 50% of the fall blooming plants. It includes the asters, sunflowers, goldenrods, daisies, ragweeds, hawkweeds, and lettuces. The name 'composite' refers to the fact that each bloom is actually composed of many tiny, individual flowers.

1. Black-eyed Susan (Rudbeckia hirta)-The plant is 1 to 3 ft. tall, flowers are 2 1/2

inches wide. It has showy golden-yellow flowers with brown conical centers. (Fig. 1)

2. Sunflower-There are many different kinds of sunflowers, all having large, golden-yellow blossoms with yellow centers (a few have brown centers). The plants are usually about 5 feet tall but some types can grow to be over 12 feet tall. One of the more unusual types of sunflower is the Jerusalem Artichoke (Helianthus tuberosus). It is not from Jerusalem, nor is it an artichoke. Its name comes from a corruption of the Italian 'girasole' which means turning toward the sun.' The artichoke part comes from someone's idea of its taste. This plant was cultivated by the Indians for its thick root. The tuber is very nutritious and, unlike potatoes, contains no starch. (Figs. 2 and 3)



3. Asters-These flowers grow everywhere! There are dozens of species (most of which look alike) but all are characterized by small (usually 1 inch wide) star-shaped flowers with yellow centers. They have lots of petals and are commonly white or violet, sometimes gold. (Fig. 4)



4. Chicory (Cichorium intybus)-Everyone has seen this pale blue, dandelion-like flower that grows everywhere and is impossible to pull. It's often called 'coffee weed' because its long taproot can be roasted and used as a coffee substitute or additive (A European form is cultivated for this purpose and millions of pounds are raised here and abroad). (Fig. 5)  
(cont. on pg. 10)

# Environmentally Speaking

When I agree to write a column on environmental issues I thought it would be easy. Then when I sat down and started thinking of topics I realized the possibilities were endless.

Many of us have no choice as to where we live and the pollution that exists there. Even if we had a choice, we would be hard pressed to find a place free of pollution of some kind. So this is a problem affecting all of us.

Now that we recognize the problem, what can we do about it? Most people feel that the small contribution that they could make would have no effect on the overall problem, but we have to start somewhere. How can we demand that industries and the government do something when we ourselves do nothing?

We must start in our own homes, and when we are living more harmoniously with the environment, then we can urge others to do so. Conservation I believe is the key.

The American lifestyle is consumer oriented. We are urged to buy disposable products and lower quality goods that will require replacement after a short

(Continued next column)

time. As long as we support this type of lifestyle, it will continue. But the basis of the free enterprise system is to satisfy the consumer. If we begin to demand better quality, long-lived products and refuse to purchase non-essentials, we can make an impact.

We are the solution. You and I. The responsibility comes down to us. If we close our senses to the destruction of our natural environment, we may very well one day find ourselves in a totally artificial environment. And going back will be a very hard thing to do.

I cannot proclaim to know the answers--I may not even know all the problems--but I am concerned and that's a beginning. I am willing to give up a few conveniences so that I can enjoy a natural environment. I love meadows and forest streams and ponds, mountains and deserts. Asphalt and concrete hurt my feet. Smoke burns my eyes.

I speak to you from my heart. This earth that we live on is a wonderful place. Let's not allow it to be destroyed by this fast-paced society we live in. Speak out! Demand your rights. Assert yourself. If you don't you'll have no one to blame but yourself. --Suzanne Workman

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## "ON FALLS, BALLS, AND NUTS" (Continued)

our group succeed in climbing the crack; Instead, after knowing a good piece was in, I decided to give it one final attempt, knowing very well I would either climb my first 5.9 or take my first lead fall.

The beginning of The Climb seemed much harder the second time up. Perhaps I knew I had no excuse to back off. I paused, reaching the final ledge just below the slightly bulging face. Even here I was off balance, and the move to stand on this ledge seemed desperate. I fumbled with my rack wanting to stall for time and also wanting to get one more piece in, just a little higher. Unfortunately my efforts went unrewarded, and I decided I would just have to be satisfied with the

well jammed hex. Speaking of well jammed items, my left arm and fist were crammed into the only secure hold within my reach.

It was now time to climb, but the only way to begin my ascent would be to leave the security of the womb-like shelter I had affixed my arm to. The rest of my body hung from my arm in dreadful terror, knowing it would soon have to fend for itself and not be able to depend on the protection of that wonderously painful jam. Finally, with much internal struggle, I removed my arm from the crack, leaving only my sweaty fist. A series of body movements brought me up and away from that point of hesitation I had kept for so long. I was now stemming from the crack on my left (or should I say laying back?).

(Continued on page 20)...

"CATCH AS CATCH CAN"  
by Craig Patterson

HALLOWEEN PARTY

Saturday, Oct. 31 8:00 PM til ?

Yup! And that's the way it was. Looking for truth in the heart of the country. Sitting above holes like New Orleans and Las Vegas, we were on the Continental Divide. These are the Rocky Mountains, situated between Canada and Mexico, the Pacific and the Atlantic, and of course the earth and the universe. But was it the "Peat Moss" tundra or the thought of leaving Cincinnati that drove Cheri Ellis and Craig Patterson out west? Some say it was that blue Subaru. 5100 miles of highway, four cases of Coors beer, \$300 worth of gas, twelve days of hiking, three hundred pictures, fourteen restaurants, four national parks, three showers, two mountains, two deserts, one speeding ticket, and the list goes on. But what about the sore hips, blisters, dehydration, thin air, burning sun, predators, and electric storms in the rugged back country that people hear about? Yup! With the scorpions, black widows, cactus spines, deep sand, loose scree slopes, slippery rock, and mountain lions, going out west can be a damn joy. It is extreme, but it is also peaceful.

Fall comes early to the national forests surrounding Aspen, Colorado. Every morning offers cloudless blue sky, while every afternoon offers a cold, wet shower. As evening falls, the storms subside, and the golden blues drip into rainbows surrounding the setting sun.

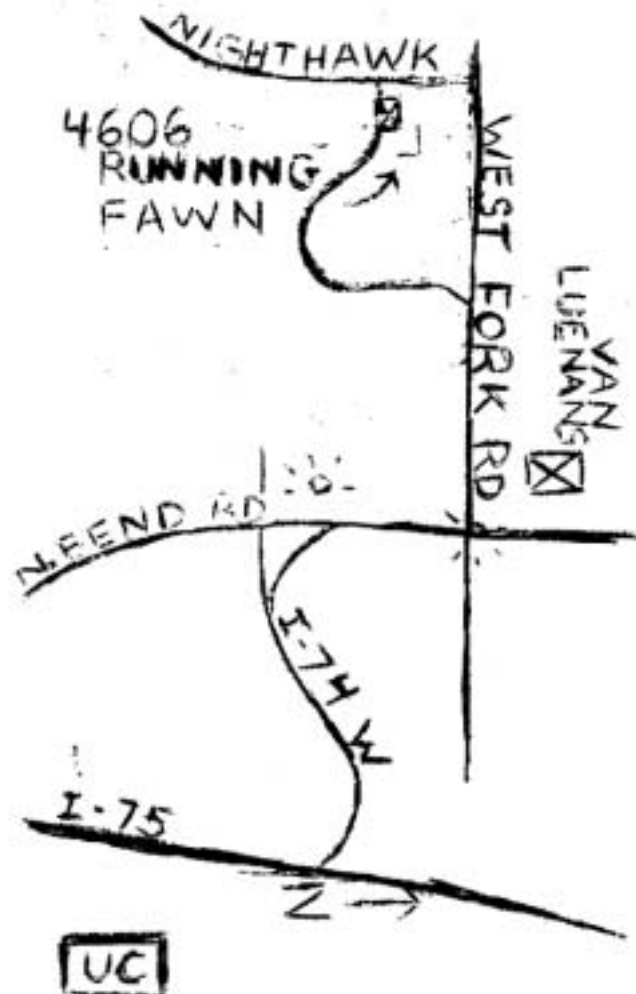
In between tourist seasons, the West supports a great deal of local color. The cowboys and Indians come out of the woodwork to eat dinner at Pizza Hut, shop at Safeway, or drink Coors beer in pick-up trucks or the local saloon. Trains and livestock are still at home on the range, but four-wheel drive has overcome the traditional horse. And them damn yahoos in

(continued on p. 13)

If you creak or go bump in the night, or have some friends who do, there's going to be a party that will interest you! Yes, it's Halloween time and once again Bob Kessler will be having a costume party in his basement arcade. Normal attire will keep you out in the cold with this one; craziness will admit you. Dress to kill-or-shock and bring your own drinks (Hey, I'm cheap, ya know). Dart throwing at past and present officers will be featured as well as a midnight screaming frenzy around the neighborhood. Lots of clean (Humph!) fun guaranteed.

Bring a friend. And new members are always especially encouraged.

IF LOST CALL 574-8080



# clubs voice

## A NEW LOOK...

As you have already discovered, the Goosedown Gazette has a new look. Since its humble inception in 1978, every editor has tried his best to improve the quality of the GDG. Mark Hartinger had the right idea in early '79 when he published advertising rates, but got no response. Steve Kramrech also thought some ads would help improve the working capital of the GDG, but no-one stepped forward to take charge of it. After all, the editor can't be expected to do everything.

Well, it finally came together this year. The GDG does have advertisers and I hope you notice the improvements. If you can think of some other potential advertisers, tell me and we'll check them out.

Having regular advertisers is a bitter-sweet pill. The added revenue permits us to use photos in every issue and print on better paper. But there is also a commitment we must all fulfill to those advertisers. No longer can we ignore deadlines for publication or put out a lesser quality newsletter. The GDG must come out seven times this year--seven good issues that make it worthwhile to advertise in.

Its a challenge, but I think we can do it. If you want to help, then write some articles about trips you've taken, ideas you've formulated, opinions you hold, or anything you think fellow members would find of interest. Bring them to the meetings or mail them to me at:

GDG--Bob Kessler  
7708 Monticello Ave.  
Cincinnati, OH 45236.

And be sure to patronize our advertisers. After all, they're going out on a limb hoping to reach you. When you visit their stores, tell them you saw their ad in the Goosedown. They'd like to know and so would I.

Enjoy the new GDG and feel free to write and tell me and everyone else what you think.

---BK

## PARTYING WITH THE UCMC

Recently an old club member told me his amazement at the seeming increase in parties in the UCMC. That in itself is fine, he noted, but similarly, there seemed to be fewer weekend trips. That combination bothered him.

It bothers me too.

Now, I don't want to seem like an old (married) stick-in-the-mud, advocating a puritanical Club with only outings on its calendar. After all, we can't all get away every weekend and members need to socialize in many different ways. I personally throw an annual Halloween Party that I hope attracts all the members.

But at the same time I believe that there is a laziness in having parties every weekend. It takes more effort to organize a trip for the weekend than to drive across town to a party.

If we are to avoid becoming arm-chair hikers/bikers/climbers/cavers/etc we've got to revitalize ourselves by visiting the wilderness frequently. Once out in the woods, smelling the clean crisp air alive with soft night sounds, I doubt if anyone would wish they were back in Cincy getting high or blitzed out of their brains.

So raise your hand next meeting and ask if anyone would like to go hiking/canoeing/rafting/climbing or whatever. Corner your friends and drag them along. You'll all be glad you did.

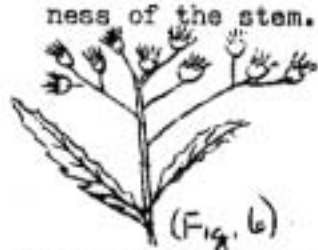
---BK

## THE HERD MENTALITY

Probably the greatest danger to any wilderness area, forest, or stream, is over-use. In recent years the interest in outdoor sports has sent thousands of new people tramping through the woods. The net effect has been serious erosion problems on popular trails, a notable increase in trash at major campsites and shelters, and a general disruption of the wilderness "feel" of an area by large numbers of people being encountered.

(Continued on page 21)...

5. Ironweed (*Vernonia altissima*) - This common, tall plant has loose clusters of deep purple-red flowers, each about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide. The name refers to the toughness of the stem. (Fig. 6)



(Fig. 6)



(Fig. 7)

6. Joe-Pye Weed (*Eupatorium purpureum*) - This plant looks similar to Ironweed but its flowers are pale pink and they occur in tighter clusters. The foliage smells a little like vanilla when crushed. Folklore tells us that an Indian named Joe Pye (?) used this plant to cure fevers and that American colonists used it to treat an outbreak of typhus. (Fig. 7)

7. Yarrow, Boneset, and Snakeroot are all common and look very similar. They all have clusters of small white fuzzy flowers, each about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch wide. Yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) is a summer flower which can be distinguished by its fern-like leaves and the pleasant fragrance of its flowers. It has been used for medicinal purposes; to break fevers, to treat hemorrhaging and as a poultice for rashes. It can also be made into tea good for treating stomach disorders. (Fig. 8)

8. Boneset (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*) - This plant has leaves that grow opposite each other on the stem and are united at the base, so that it looks like the stem grows through the leaf. To early herb doctors, this indicated that the plant would be useful in setting bones, so they wrapped its leaves around splints. (Fig. 9)

9. Snakeroot (*Eupatorium rugosum*) - This plant is toxic, when eaten by cows, it can result in milk that is fatal to humans. It can be distinguished by its stalked, sometimes sharply toothed leaves. (Fig. 10)



(Fig. 8)



(Fig. 9)



(Fig. 10)

10. Goldenrod (*Solidago* sp.) - This is a truly American flower; few species grow in other countries while about one-hundred species are found in nearly all parts of the U.S.. Hay fever sufferers should know that ragweed, not goldenrod, is the main source of irritating pollen in fall. (Fig. 11)



Canada g. (Fig. 11)



Sweet g.

B. Common flowers that aren't Composites

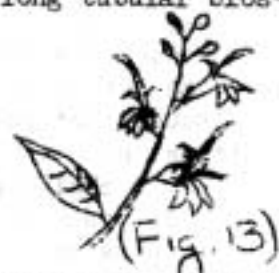
1. Lobelia - This is one of the showiest of the fall wildflowers and comes in two species:

Great Lobelia (*Lobelia siphilitica*) - This species is bright blue, with the blooms coming out at the base of each leaf. It once was a supposed cure for syphilis. The roots contain alkaloids which induce vomiting. (Fig. 12)

Cardinal Flower (*L. cardinalis*) - As the name implies this variety is brilliant red, with tubular flowers in an elongate cluster. It is pollinated chiefly by hummingbirds, since most insects can't navigate the long tubular blossoms. (Fig. 13)



(Fig. 12)



(Fig. 13)

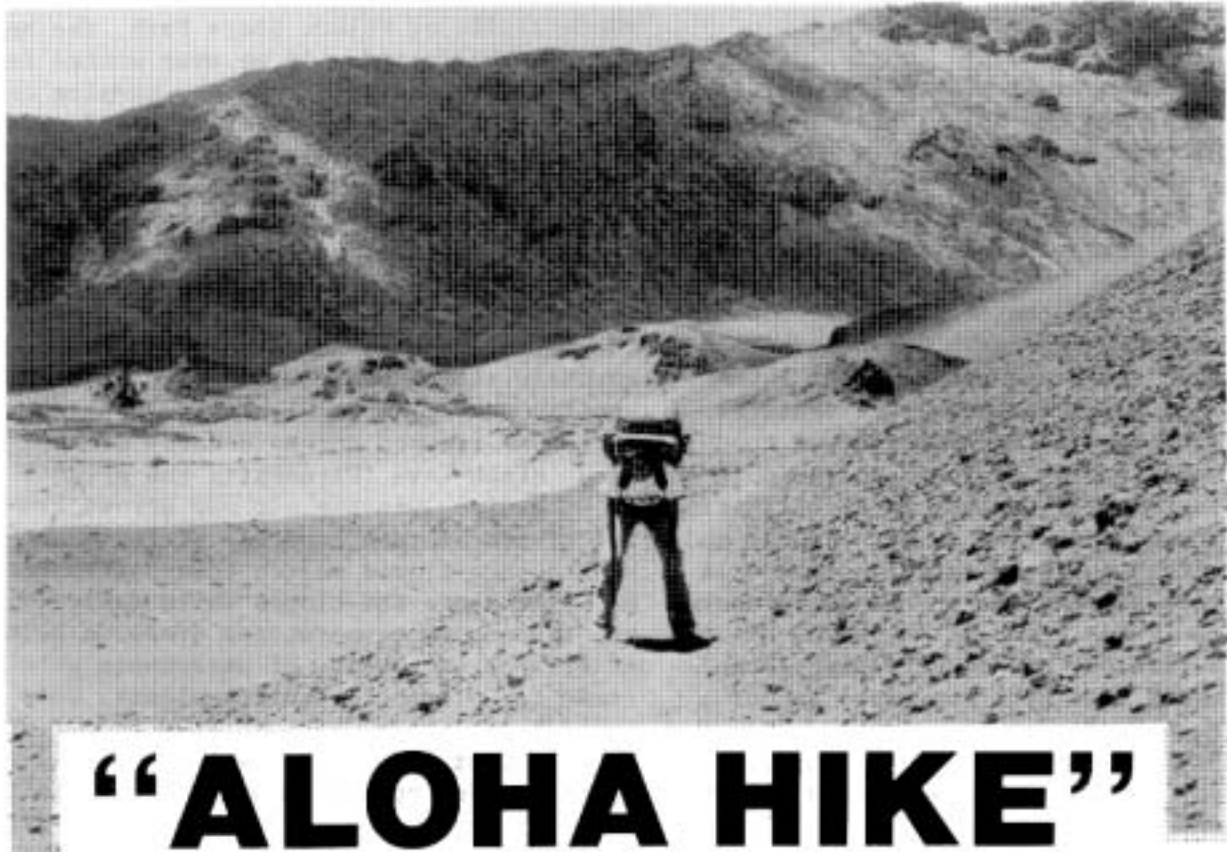
3. Gentians - This is a family of showy fall flowers with bell or trumpet-shaped flowers blooming in a branched cluster. One of the most beautiful of the gentians is the Fringed Gentian (*Gentiana crinita*). It has delicately fringed petals and a striking blue color. It is becoming rare and must not be picked (Fig. 14) The name 'gentian' comes



(Fig. 14)

from King Gentius of Illyria, who discovered the medicinal qualities of the plants roots as emetics, cathartics, and tonics.

--Text and drawings by Mary Garner



# “ALOHA HIKE”

"The loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any sea." (Mark Twain)

Article by Mark Hartinger

Across the wide expanse of an ocean floor between 2 and 25 million years ago, a fiery scenario was giving birth to some of the first islands which would eventually grow to the present day chain of "paradise." But only prehistoric fish or sea animals paused to witness this explosive formation. As the undersea mountains continued their eruptions, causing only their wide peaks to expose themselves above the seas' surface, they were still to remain untouched by humans. In fact, it was not until between 500 and 800 years after Christ preached his gospels that the first Polynesians arrived in the land referred to as Hawai'ia --or "burning Hawaii," believed to represent the massive volcanoes.

Today, literally thousands of visitors flock to these Pacific shores every month. Most are universally attracted to the tropical climate, warm beaches and pristine turquoise waters; but some gamble more time to adventure into the

densely vegetated forests, knife-edged pali (cliffs), and immensely deep canyons and craters characterizing by far the majority of the Hawaiian landscape. And a lucky minority have had the unequalled opportunity to witness prehistoric geologic processes --vulcanism, species introduction, and feef formation--in the same manner as they occurred to the first fish or human who laid eyes upon them.

My newly-wedded wife and I journeyed there for much these same reasons. Hawaii is not complete without visiting the beach of Waikiki, shopping in the upper class district of Lahanina on Maui, or touring the brightly illuminated Thurston Lava Tube in Hawaii Volcanoes National Park on the "Big Island"--Hawaii. We did all this, and an incredible amount more. But then, we weren't working with a week or even two. We had a full month, and although the islands contain enough to keep one busy for a 100 months, our schedule allowed us to fully taste what the 50th state offered.

Our plan was to spend three days in and around Waikiki on Oahu, and then to spend 26 days backpacking on the "outer islands". In order to fully describe those events,

(Continued on next page)...

would take a small book, so I will try to illustrate the highlights of our unique trip in this essay.

After Oahu, we left the motel rooms, short walks unimpeded by a pack. We left the thronging hordes of tourists, the hard-sell vendors colorfully lining the alleys and thoroughfares surrounding the renowned beaches. Our stay here had its good times, though, and our three days had been pleasant. Our ventures had taken us to the historic war tunnels entombed in Diamond Head; to the polynesian Cultural Center; to a fascinating afternoon snorkeling in Hanauma Bay and watching hanggliders catch the thermals and soar above us on the windward shore of Oahu. For the next 3½ weeks, hiking would fill our days; our entire cache of necessities were contained in our packs.

Our first stop was the pineapple filled island of Molokai, a small body of land only 7-10 miles wide and 38 miles long. Most known for Fr. Damien's leper colony (still inhabited), we opted to spend most of our time on the north

shore cliffs of Palauu State Park, the only park on the island. If we ever wanted isolation, this was it. Even the camping area we stayed at appeared as if it hadn't been used in at least 3 years!

Our next inter-island flight brought us to the "valley isle" of Maui, wherein is contained the spectacular Haleakala Nat. Park, probably the single most beautiful spot on our trip. For 3 days we hiked in the 19 square mile multi-colored crater, a mountain rising over 10,000 feet from the Pacific shore. From within the dormant crater we tramped across deserts of hardened black lava, witnessing the effects of vulcanism, winding our way across frozen rivers of rock hundreds of feet deep which once flowed molten towards the sea. We lived above the clouds which daily wet the island, in temperatures dropping below 40 degrees at night. If astronauts were to train for a trip to another planet, this would be a likely place to find them.

Another 3 days on the island were spent winding our way down the beautiful Hana highway, a 1½ lane winding road with a waterfall around every bend, cascading down each valley from over 2000' above. For our last days here, we had rented a car in order to make sure we saw everything we possibly could in so short a time.

When we arrived during a light rainstorm on the Big Island, we felt more at home. The total area of the island of Hawaii is about twice that as all the other major islands combined. Just five days before our arrival, the sismographs were doing a little jumping as tremors in the SW rift zone of Kilauea Crater jolted the ground for a couple of days, forecasting another surface eruption of the crater. Hawaii Volcanoes National Park personnel took proper precautionary measures by closing down the park, but fortunately a period of calm just before we got there justified reopening. Now this might sound quite irregular to anyone not familiar with activities there, but surface eruptions in the area around Kilauea occur about every 2 years, sending their fiery lava flowing down the islands south side for 30 miles to the sea.

Our stay in the park lasted 5 days, during which we occupied our time solely with the observance and study of this magnificent landmark of Mother Nature's fiery fury. Arduous hikes through the desert

cont'd on page 14



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(continued from p. 8)

## CLIMBING COURSE

Sante Fe don't quit hollerin' and howlin' until the break of dawn. But when that happened to us, we sure were glad we had what it took to get us away.

The search for energy and living space is a major concern in the Rocky Mountains. Windmills, piles of wood, and solar energy panels dot the countryside, pointing out how the Midwest is behind in the use of renewable energy sources. But the mining of uranium ore and oil from shale and the drilling for natural gas add nothing to the natural beauty of the canyonlands. Another problem is restricting a growing population from infiltrating this mountain paradise. Transients or street people move in hordes looking for odd jobs to supplement their welfare. Graduates and students move west for the benefits of clean water, clean air, and clean exercise (Gary Goodman, Ann Hayes, Bill Strachan, Chris Rathweg, and Courtney Conway, to name a few). As ranches are sold, housing allotments and recreational facilities crop up with beautiful views of mountains and other housing allotments. So it goes; as we expand into space, the United States shrinks.

As my knee got sore from stepping on the gas, I realized that Cincinnati lingered in the distance. Was it already time for senior year? Damn, I was just getting used to sleeping in the parking lots of Nickerson Farms! But what next? Contemplation and mobility just open the channels of opportunity. You are changing so fast that your changes are changing. That transition for me is right around the corner. Where am I going? Down the street to Skyline for some cheese coney.

Once again this fall, on the weekend of October 23-25, the UCMC will offer its climbing class, a two or three daycourse of instruction in climbing techniques for both beginning and experienced climbers. The class will include lectures, demonstrations, and climbing at Eden Park and/or Clifton Gorge. New members, old members, and non-members are encouraged to participate. More details will be forthcoming. FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL Steve Kramrech at 559-1737 or Dan Lynch at 681-2962.

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### "BLACK ASPEN" (Continued)

high efficiency packs, plus a marked aversion to being caught in the rain, the Inscrutables were the first to break trail, a pattern that was to be repeated several times. It got so that the remainder of the party began to detest the sight of the Inscrutables' deformed tent, sitting snugly ready at every camp.

After two days of forced march, the expedition, or at least part of it, found itself by the shores of Cumulus Lake, at an altitude of 12,400 ft. Eventually all the stragglers gained this haven, some more exhausted than others. The next few days were marked by many untold acts of heroism and epic deeds of mountaineering, mine-exploring, lake diving, pop-corn sessions and general festering, all awaiting a better story teller than this humble narrator. Finally, on the fourth day someone suggested that a search below the tree line might be more productive, and after a stormy committee meeting (for all decisions were taken by the group), including defective stoves and rattling pop-corn, it was agreed to descend the next day.

The journey down through the trees was uneventful, as yellow aspen after yellow aspen was sighted and rejected. Some aspens possessed leaves which had black spots, but these were regarded as a transitory phenomenon and passed by. Finally, on the sixth and last day of the expedition into the San Juan Mountains, the exhausted

(Continued on next page, col. two)...

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"Through want of enterprise and faith men are where they are, buying and selling, and spending their lives like serfs." --Thoreau

landscape took us across the steaming crater floor, through lava tubes, and overlooking hellish scenarios of vaporous sulphur-emitting fumaroles. Rain permeated through the mid-40's nights, but the climate so untypical for the tourist-oriented Hawaii was a welcome addition to our trip.

On another two day trip on the north side of the island, we took off into the Waipio Valley, dropping over 1000' in ½ mile to a black sand beach, traversing the beach only to meet with a cliff face rising 1300' above us - the route of the trail. We continued our hike into the night, working our way through the densely overgrown trail into the back-country. Never before had I figured on hiking at night through a rainforest. Surrounding us were the towering cliffs, streams everywhere, plunging their course down to the cliffs of the sea. This island had impressed us with the awesome grandeur of these islands; the feeling of our insignificance amongst these tiny dots in the ocean.

Our trip was not even close to a finish as we landed on our last island - the Garden Isle of Kauai. Although it took only about 2 hours to completely drive around the island, it was almost entirely forested, dense with the underbrush so thick that major areas had never before been penetrated by man. For most of our trip we concentrated ourselves on the western shore, within sight of the mysterious isle of Niihau, an island inhabited by about 250 natives of Hawaii, and totally inaccessible to any outsider.

For two days we toured Waimea Canyon, often called the Grand Canyon of the Pacific. From our perch over 2500' above the canyon floor, we viewed feral goats grazing on the canyon walls, a species artificially introduced by man and slowly causing massive erosion in the canyon. When the clouds cleared over our position near the Alakai Swamp (world's wettest spot), we could see down to the west shore, in the region of the Na Pali coast. Although no trail joined our present position with the shoreline, we would in two days be hiking

the Kalalau Trail which is the only access besides boat to the remote coast.

As we began our hike into the coastal area, we fully appreciated the ruggedness of this island and the difficulties that travelers must endure when touring in this truly remote corner of the world.. Although I nearly drowned swimming in the fierce waves at Hanakapia beach along the trail, this was a perfect climax to our trip. Here we experienced true wilderness, incorporating all that is essential to the spirit of individuals looking to remove themselves from the incessant race of mankind. Tidal Wave Safety Zone Markers overlooked our campsite from over 100' above us! When we hiked out of this area and started our long process of returning home, we felt our distance from the mainland. Situated midway between the US and Japan, these tiny islands had captured our hearts, and would lie here waiting until our return.

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"BLACK ASPEN" (Continued)

and spent members huddled in the cold morning mists by the Ricaroni River, quiet in the acceptance of defeat, unbowed in spirit, generous in drinking other peoples' beer.

And out near the centre of the Ricaroni River, where the current tugged most strongly, and the rocks resisted most loudly, a small aspen twig floated by, bearing a single, solitary black leaf -- the first, but by no means the last, of that autumn's crop.....

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"As for small difficulties and worryings, prospects of sudden disaster, peril of life and limb; all these, and death itself, seem to him only sly, good-natured hits, and jolly punches in the side bestowed by an unseen and unaccountable old joker... There is nothing like the perils of the wilderness to breed this free and easy sort of genial, desperado philosophy!"  
---Melville

Take it easy-  
Hiking and Biking the  
C&O Canal Trail

Fall may be the best time of year for hiking, and many novice backpackers are looking for places to go a little farther from home, where they can practice their skills on somewhat longer trips, without having to commit themselves to a trip that may prove to be too strenuous. Bicycle tourers are also enlivened by the cooler weather, and looking for new territory to explore. There is a place not too far from here that satisfies both these needs, for trips from a few days to a few weeks. It's the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Trail, which travels 184 miles from Georgetown, in Washington, DC, to Cumberland, Maryland, following the Potomac River the entire distance.

The C&O Canal was begun in 1828, and was originally intended to provide a waterway connecting Chesapeake Bay with the Ohio River. From the beginning its construction was beset with many problems, not the least of which was the B&O rail line, which was begun on the same day as the C&O Canal. The canal was completed as far as Cumberland and

then abandoned. It is now owned and maintained by the National Park Service, which has designated the towpath as a hiking and biking trail, and has set up campsites approximately every five miles along the trail. The canal itself is now dry and overgrown in most places and many of the locks and buildings are in ruins, but there are traces of many historical constructions, and a few buildings and locks have been preserved. There is a great deal of historical interest along the way, as well as a diversity of natural wonders. At times the trail is buried deep in shady woods, other times it crosses open meadows, or even cropped lawns. But part I found most fascinating is the part of the trail which passes along the base of ragged cliffs, which give everything a very wild appearance. There are caves here, some of only historical interest, but a few are extensive enough to provide for some off-trail adventure. According to the guide book, there is even at least one place that is acceptable for rock climbing.

The trail is ont (unless you are over-packed, as I was) a strenuous one, but it is a pleasant place to hike and get used to the feel of a backpack and the routine of an extended hike. It also looks like an excellent place for a bike hike, with no need to travel on roads or through towns. You do meet other people, but not too many, and most of them are there to experience, and not to destroy, the feeling of wilderness.

The National Park Service publishes a map of the entire trail with distances and campsites clearly marked, which is a valuable and essential thing to have when planning a trip on the Trail. But the most important thing to get, to make the trip more safe, fun, and generally successful, is a to path guide from the American Canal and Transportation Center. There are four guides, each covering only a quarter of the trail, with maps and step-by-step descriptions. There is a lot of history in these books, but also a lot of important information, about locations of water, or how to get around obstructed parts of the trail. They even tell you which caves are

Continue on pg. 18

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(Adventures...cont'd from pg. 3)

the fact that I had an information overload in my head concerning the Eastern coast. They really do have those virgin white churches against clear blue skies just like the gas station placemats!

So, in September and barely two weeks recovering from this absurdity I was now ready to shift my gears west and prepare for anything and everything. I think I got it.

My images of the west were basically limited to old Brady Bunch repeats of their trip to the Grand Canyon, and Dudley Whiplash cartoons where he tied his girlfriend to the railroad track (or someone did, rather) and it was his heroic job to rescue her. Case closed. Needless to say, the trip out west was at best an adventure in dissolving these stereotypes in my mind as well as conjuring up new images for the reserve.

If it wasn't for a few minorities along, such as physics grad students and bloody foreigners, it would have been a pleasant trip out (HA! HA!). It was a usual UCMC masochistic drive out,

with the usual things going wrong. (Such as having to rebuild a new rack for the backpacks somewhere in East Jesus Country, Illinois. With the help of Dan, Steve, Ken - I guess bloody foreigners are good for something - we managed to have a new rack to carry us through the rest of the trip). There were some highlights about a trip where you have 12 people riding in a van together for 25 hours and still calling them your friends when you reach your destination. Who could forget the show-stealing party in front of McDonald's? Or the free dance lessons from Arthur Murray's conducted out in the parking lot? Or the fountain wading in Danville or the chainsaw sale (RUNN...nnn...nn) at the Danville Sears store? Mostly, though, I like driving straight because when the trip starts looking like one 7-11 store after another for 500 miles, you can always do things to amuse yourself. I mean, heck, there's lots of ways to amuse yourself on long car trips. You can get out of the vehicle you're riding in at about 4 in the morning when you look disgusting and scare the ?#! out of some ten year old kid in a station wagon. at some gas station. One of my favorites, though, is faking a southern accent, or better yet, pretending to be a bloody foreigner at the local Burger Death.

On with the trip. Our first night at Rocky Mtn. Nat. Park brought a reunion with the Dave Weber clan, including first-time backpacker mountain-woman Nancy Weber, "Mr. Sure" himself Jeff Cousins, the freeze-dried fart brothers Tom Bodner and Dave Weber, and Olympic hiker trapper John (Wallace). Joining them for the trail excursion were Mr. PHD Larry Bortner, and of course myself, your local zone guide. We spent two days together (all 20 of us including old UCMC now in the Denver zone; namely Gary Goodman and Dave Christenson). The first night found us reminiscing over some good old Schnapps. The next few days found us about 3 miles up at 12,000' feet or so on the verge of the big climb to Long's Peak, which 3 of our members made to the top; John Wallace (Hey, let's have a group shot!), Dave Weber (no way, I,m getting off this thing), and Larry Bortner (Uh, I think Cindy has my lunch down a couple hundred cont'd on page 18

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# ASK THE QUACK



## MAKE YOUR OWN SURVIVAL KIT

On our last Wilderness Skills Course Marty Huseman recalled an incident during which she became lost on Billy's Island in the Okefenokee Swamp without her backpack. This story impressed upon me the possibility of each of us becoming lost or injured while away from possible life-saving equipment or shelter. I would like to start this new school year describing one item that no outdoor traveler should be without--a survival kit.

A survival kit is a small, simple container with a handfull of items that are needed if a hiker becomes separated from a group or equipment and may have to spend a night or longer without them. Often backpackers will leave heavier gear at camp for a day of hiking, climbing or exploration. But unexpected weather, an injury or becoming lost could turn a simple trip into a desperate situation. A survival kit could prevent possible disaster. I will outline the items needed and how they are used. This kit will work in all situations.

1) Space Blanket: This is by far the most important item. It is a thin sheet of insulating material that can be used to provide warmth or shelter. In cold weather it can be used as a blanket or tarp. In hot weather it can provide shade, collect rain water or be made into a solar still. It can give warmth to an injured person to prevent shock. Most space blankets are folded into a packet smaller than a pack of cigarettes and costs about \$3.50. This is the only item I had to buy.

2) Matches: to light fires and candles. Waterproof matches can be bought, but I wrapped a fistfull in plastic with 3 strikers and put them in a medicine pill bottle (a 35mm film canister will work also). You can also substitute a disposable cigarette

lighter.

3) Whistle: for signaling. Always get a metal one since plastic ones may crack.

4) Aluminum foil: this is one item people often neglect. A one foot square of extra strong foil has many uses. It can be used as a wind screen and light reflector for fires. It can be molded into a drinking cup. It can be a signaling device. Our former Quack, Rick Forrester, made a "flashlight" of sorts by taking a small square of foil and molding it into a hood around the top of a candle. This hood acted as a reflector and wind screen. He used this during a night search and rescue on our course last year.

5) Candles: for light.

6) Twine: have at least 15 feet. Strength is more important than thickness.

7) Blade: for cutting twine and foil. I carry a good strong single bladed knife but a razor blade will do (single edged).

8) Bandana: for your head. It can also be used as a bandage.

9) Sugar: for hypothermia.

10) Optional: other items that can be used include:

--firestarter. These can be bought but I made my own by rolling a 1 ft. x  $\frac{1}{2}$  ft. piece of cloth and soaking it in paraffin. It works.

--salt tablets.

--water purification tablets.

--map and compass. Since most people stay in one place in an emergency, these are optional.

In a real emergency it would help to have more items than those listed above. But more items would make the kit bulky and defeat its purpose. This is why few first aid items are listed. (A group should always have a separate first aid kit anyway. For information on making a first aid kit, see Ask the Quack, Vol. 1, No. 5, page 4 of the GDG).

--Don Speller

(Adventures...cont'd from page 16)

feet now that I'm at the top). Anyway, those of us that came within a few hundred feet are determined to go back next year and conquer that mother! (Right, Jeff?).

It was on that day of intense travelling that I had my first encounter with the killer marmot. It was to be the first meeting of a series of unexplained occurrences on the range. The marmot (for there were not several, but one) seemed to have it out for me. I had seen pictures of them in National Geo, big, furry masses with chain-saw teeth posing for the camera and delighting tourists climbing to the Keyhole, (Families do it, right Dave?). Anyway, on my first encounter, I really gave it a fighting chance. I mean, I was really trying to be civil. But, no, as Larry forced me to pose for a picture with the Killer Marmot on a boulder, I was horrified to note the intent look in the eyes; a combination hunger, lust-Mrs.-Marmot's-away look. He bared (of course it was a he!) his nasty, chain-saw, razor-sharp teeth and in a brief moment went straight for the nearest hunk of meat in megamiles. Too bad it was my leg. I screamed, did a leapfrog jump to the next boulder for what I thought was safety and the little bugger followed me there. I don't know how he managed to jump with that butterball frame of his, but he did. And thus the marmot had become enraged and vowed from that point on to follow me for the rest of my days. He followed me throughout the week, popping up at various places along the trails and finally, at the end of the trail he was spotted by members of our van sunning himself on a rock outside of the dude ranch where we began. Of all the nerve! All it needed was shades and a bottle of Coppertone.

I must admit, although this trip was bizarre, I could have never made it without the help of my colleagues for helping me out of some tight spots. There was the time I came crashing down the glacier at poor Trapper John who abandoned his \$400 camera just to rescue me from going over the side and maiming my shoulder for life. (I ask you, Trap, did

you have a choice?). There was poor Larry who put up with more than his share, rescuing me from marmots, waking and keeping him awake half the trip. Then there was Nancy who put up with me in the tent every night (well, almost) and who watched me become hypothermic the first day she ever hiked with me. (What is this chick's deal?). And then there was Dave Weber who tried to corrupt me on Schnapp's for life. And then Tom (T.B.) and I who made the hike up Long's Peak (Tom, you getting dizzy yet? Yup, me, too.) And last but not least, Jeff. What can I say? Except thanks for the green M & M's!! The trip wouldn't have been half as much fun without that effect. (Sure!) Thanks for the jeans, Jeff.

Meeting up with the rest of the group at the Dunes was a real massive tastebud orgy and consumation of the trip. For those of you who didn't get to romp in the sand - you sure missed something!

I've got some great new recipes from this trip. Just have a seat with me while I shake this sand out of my hiker - and I'll tell you my recipe for Rice-A-Roni!

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#### C & O CANAL TRAIL (Continued)

worth exploring, and what plants and animals to look for. As of last year, these books could be bought for \$3 each or \$10 for all four, from the American Canal and Transportation Center, Box 310, Shepherdstown, W.V. 25443 (+ 50¢ Shipping). I have a copy of section three--Harper's Ferry to Fort Frederick--which I will gladly lend to anyone who is interested. The C & O Canal National Historical Park (P.O. Box 4, Sharpsburg, MD 21782) also provides valuable information, including mimeographed sheets describing alternate routes around damaged parts of the trail. As with any kind of trip, the more time and effort you spend in advance, getting information and planning, the more you will get from the experience.

----Joanna Wright

---

"I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in. Of what avail are 40 freedoms without a blank spot on the map?" --Aldo Leopold

"DEMON MARMOT"  
by Larry Bortner

Just what is a marmot?

A mountain woodchuck, a large furry rodent with nasty teeth looking for handouts in Rocky Mountain National Park, some say.

Those of us who went on the Colorado trip this last September know different. We found the beast to be the embodiment of evil, torturing us with its supernatural appearances. Perhaps I am too quick to judge an entire species by one animal which just might have been the form a demon had chosen to take on temporarily. Listen to my story and judge for yourself.

The five-mile trail to the summit of Long's Peak took us across a large boulder field. This is where we first met The Marmot. Oh, there were other marmots, but none had the eyes that poorly hid the look of malevolent intelligence. He didn't want much; just all of our food. Since it was early morning and we had all day to go before getting back to the base camp, we declined to make the sacrifice, although he did manage to get a bag or two of gorp. This, we thought, would be the end of it.

But late that night, when everyone was sacked out at the campground near the rangers' station, he returned. Some of us awoke to Rusty's yells of, "Hey! Something's in the packs!" I jumped up and ran to the commotion, almost bringing the tent with me. What was it?

I chased the intruder from Tom's pack. It paused in the moonlight to allow me recognition. The Marmot! He made a move toward me and I yelled. He paused, gnashing his teeth to produce a sound eerily like a chainsaw, then scurried away into the night. I crawled back into my bag, relieved that the ordeal was over and that the next day would take us far, far away from Long's Peak and The Marmot.

The next day saw us driving

along Trail Ridge Road, taking in the incredible vistas of mountains and yellow aspens and billowing clouds. We stopped often, taking pictures and marvelling at the scenery. What turned out to be our last stop along this particular highway was our next encounter with The Marmot.

Here we were, twenty miles from where we were the previous night, and there he was, gnashing his teeth and begging for food. We began to think that he wanted more than food, so we hurried on our way.

What was he doing there? Why was he following us? Do the marmots have some transportation system that we are totally unaware of? I think not.

We headed southwest to the Rio Grande National Forest some two hundred miles away to do some heavy-duty backpacking and frolicking in the wilderness. It was truly wonderful, with no marmots until Cindy's birthday, only two days before we got off the trail.

We had been blessed with beautiful weather all week, but that day started out cloudy and it was raining by midday. A fire was started. With nothing to do in the cold rain, people took to their tents and burrowed into their sleeping bags while I tended to the fire. Soon it began to snow, big, lazy, wet flakes drifting out of the dull sky. It was rather pleasant, the infrequent, far-off sounds of the valley deadened by the snowfall.

Then I heard the unmistakable sound of those gruesome teeth grinding against each other. My eyes searched in the direction of the sound to find him momentarily up on a ridge, standing in a position that was much too defiant to be called begging. Was The Marmot laughing, perhaps?

Of course it's foolish to draw a correlation between not feeding marmots and a day-long snowfall. But the next time I go up in the mountains, I think I'll take some extra gorp.

"ON FALLS, BALLS, AND NUTS" (continued)

Yes, laying back is a much better description, for most of my body weight was being supported by the opposition of my pulling arm and pushing foot. My right hand was clinging to a rounded hold and I was able to bring my foot up, thus permitting me to move a little more. At this point I realized I was in the position that Tom had been in when he fell. Feeling very vulnerable, I quickly down climbed -- almost falling twice. Upon reaching the ledge, I once again returned to the security of the crack. I had never been so close to falling in my life. My deep seated fear of lead falls and my reluctance to want to experience one, was the only factor which had prevented me from giving in. The temptation of "just give up and let it happen."

Adrenalin was surging through my body in a raging frenzy, as I assaulted the crux face a second time. Soon I was well above the moves which had so nearly destroyed me on my previous attempt. I realized that I was also well above the #7 hex. Looking down between my legs, the hex appeared to be at least 10 feet from my eyes. My God, this climb wasn't letting up and I was running out of everything -- wit, energy, strength, you name it. I moved up higher and now was able to get a slight left foot hold in the crack where it narrowed. If my head had been more together, the foot hold would have been great.

My state of panic, though, reduced the hold to a well greased cooking pan. My foot began slipping the second I let it drop down, thus reducing the opposition I had maintained up to that point. Somehow I had desperately grabbed a right hand hold but now couldn't get any footing with my right foot. Voices below were yelling, "Put a piece in; God, just get a piece in!" Another voice instructed to keep moving. I remember trying to reach my rack with my left while hanging from my right hand. I gave up soon and regained the almost useless left hand jam. My body was shuttering and of course my feet were bobbing up and down like a sewing machine. Actually, my right foot and leg kept trying to get a hold, but the face was overhung and I couldn't get

any friction. My right limbs were now spastically slapping the rock as if I were an unco-ordinated puddle, trying to wag its stub tail.

Looking down I suddenly realized the vulnerability a lead climber so often ignores. I wanted to move higher, but that would only make my fall longer. As the minute-long seconds passed, my strength dwindled and I realized I would soon fall. My body was shuddering and my mind was overloaded, feeling like it would explode. That poor frightened right foot was still trying to get some footing as if it had a mind of its own. The rest of my body had cramped or clamped onto whatever was available and my mind now could only fear the unknown. Will the piece hold? Will the belay work? Will my fall be held by the rope or will I be bashed and busted by the less-than-vertical rock below me? Scared and confused, I still held on, hoping I would awaken in my bed to find that it was just a bad dream.

Suddenly my right hand slipped -- I could perceive only jumbled sensory overload and then my head, hitting the rock, brought me back to the realization that I was still alive. When normal vision came back, I stared wonderously at the new world I had entered. "Gee," I thought, "Everything is upside down. Am I on the other side of reality where everything is reversed?" A voice called out laughing, "Are you alright?" Having not thought about it I didn't know how to answer. Then when I tried to speak nothing came out, so I just pointed to the ground-- which at the time happened to be up. Soon I was on the ground untying from the life-line. The rope seemed in a way to be analogous to an umbilical cord. It had just given birth to me into a new life. As I untied from it I envisioned a doctor cutting a baby loose to start a new life of its own. Maybe the vision was of my own birth now fresh in my mind after having my life flash before my eyes.

My butt felt as if it had been trampled by a herd of oversized elephants, and my ribs seemed broken. I guess my entire body ached as if a mack truck had just bounced me into some pavement or curb. My head developed a large knot--should have worn a helmet.

(Continued on page 21)

Nothing is more discouraging to a small party of, say, four hikers taking a break on an exposed rock in the woods, when down the trail marches twenty or thirty hikers from some irresponsible group or university.

In the early days of the UCMC there was little likelihood of we being that herd of people -- after all, we only had a couple dozen members.

But now, with over a hundred members, that situation becomes much more likely. I believe that if we are to preserve the integrity of the Club and its environmental principles, we must set strict limits as to how many people can go on a club trip before it must be broken into two or more groups. Since the National Parks and Forests often set a limit of 10 to 12 persons per trail group, I propose that the Club adopt those figures as its maximum outing size. Club trips-- particularly these subsidized, shouldn't permit more than twelve in any one group no matter how much someone is willing to pay to go. The classes should be split up if their number surpasses 12. The rock climbing class should go to two different areas or go two separate days; the Caving class should visit two separate sections of the cave; and the Wilderness Skills course should camp in two different areas and stay in smaller groups as much as possible.

This idea, of course, goes against a herd mentality we all have: safety in numbers. We all feel better/safer in a group.

But the Club has a responsibility to the environment we visit and the attitudes we shape in those newly introduced to the out-of-doors. The concept of walking softly in the woods should be paramount in our minds at all times. We cannot let it get drummed out by the rumble of twenty people around us.

---BK

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\*\*The CLUB'S VOICE represents the individual opinions of members of the UC Mountaineering Club and does not necessarily reflect the views of the Goosedown Gazette, its staff, or the UCMC and

University of Cincinnati in general. Thoughts and rebuttals are encouraged. Send them to:

CLUB'S VOICE  
c/o Bob Kessler  
Editor, The Goosedown Gazette  
7708 Monticello Ave.  
Cincinnati, OH 45236

Or give them to one of the officers at any meeting and they will be forwarded.

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"ON FALLS, BALLS, AND NUTS" (Continued)

"That was one of best falls I've ever seen," said someone in a complimentary way. I sarcastically replied something like, "Well, I certainly wouldn't want to bore anyone with my first fall." I tried to be humoristic, yet the right side of my rib cage really hurt. Somehow, when I fell, the rope caught my rack and forced it into my ribs. Although I hurt I still felt like a new person. I had survived one of my greatest fears.

Reflecting back on those concentrated seconds I can remember being terrified, but soon my mind had gone almost completely blank during the fall. In a way it was an interesting form of hallucination in that sounds, sight and other sensory functions were so altered. Of course, even though I'm glad it happened, I'm certainly not rushing to another. But, if you ever want to have a new experience, let me know. I can most definitely fix you up for a wonderously nutty fall. Do you have the balls?

---Fletcher Andrews III

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"And still, men who by guts and skill had mastered the farthest wilderness, they must have had a way of standing and a look in their eyes. While they scanned the faces of white men, their glance took in the movement of river and willows, of background and distance. While they talked as men talk nearing home and meeting someone newly come from there, their minds watched a scroll of forever-changing images. What they had done, what they had seen, heard, felt, feared--the places, the sounds, the colors, the cold, the darkness, the emptiness, the bleakness, the beauty. Till they died this stream of memory would set them apart, if imperceptibly to anyone but themselves, from everyone else. For they had crossed the continent and come back, first of all." --Bernard DeVoto



# UC MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

# FALL CALENDAR

	M	T	WEDNESDAY	TH	F	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	28	29	30 <u>MEETING</u> 7:00 pm Trip Slides	1	2	3 <u>Climbing</u> Clifton Gorge OH	4
OCT	5 Cave Club 7:01 Swift	6	7 <u>MEETING</u> 7:00 pm Plan Trips	8	9	10 <u>Backpacking</u> Red River Gorge KY	11 Craig 861-3404
	12	13	14 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm <u>OPEN HOUSE</u> Trip Slides	15	16	17	18 <u>Climbing</u> Clifton Gorge OH Steve 559-1737
	19 Cave Club 7:30pm	20	21 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture Backpacking Hawaii	22	23 AM PM	24 <u>ROCK CLIMBING CLASS</u> Steve 559-1737 <u>Canoeing WhiteWater</u> Marty 661-1666	25
	26	27	28 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides Mexico	29	30	31 <u>Halloween Party</u> Bob 984-2700	1 <u>Climbing</u> Clifton Gorge OH
	2 Cave Club 7:30pm 701 Swift	3	4 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Lecture Backpacking Equipment	5	6	7 <u>Backpacking</u> Hocking Hills OH	8 Sue 475-6632
NOV	9	10	11 <u>HOLIDAY NO CLASSES</u> <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides Club Snow Movie Caving	12	13	14 <u>Caving</u> Sloans Valley KY	15 Dan 681-2962
	16 Cave Club 7:30pm	17	18 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides Colorado	19	20	21 <u>First Aid Class</u> John 431-6004 <u>Caving Sinking Valley KY</u> mapping trip Dan 681-2962	22
	23	24	25 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides Crater Lake Lecture Tapawingo	26 Thanks giving	27	28 <u>Backpacking</u> Sheltowee Trace KY	29 Bob 984-2700
	30 Cave Club 7:30pm	1	2 <u>MEETING</u> 607 Swift 7:00 pm Slides Nepal Hiking	3	4	5 <u>Exams Start Monday</u> & its too late to drop the class so you better pass the final	6
DEC			December Trips: TBA		<u>Skating</u> Snowshoe W VA		
					<u>Backpacking</u> Smokey Mts TN		

MEETINGS are free and open to the public. You need not be a student to join  
 All meetings will be in 607 Swift Hall Our bulletin board is next to Mr Donalds  
 INFORMATION Dan 681-2962 Sue 475-6632 Fletch 861-3404 Steve 559-1737 in TUC.